THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

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The Adventures of Alphonſo and Marina; an intereſting Spaniſh Tale.

MARINA, at ſeventeen, was the moſt admired beauty in Grenada. She was an orphan, and heir eſs to an immenſe fortune, under the guardianſhip of an old and avaricious uncle, whoſe name was Alonzo, and who paſſed his days in counting ducats, and his nights in filencing ſerenades, nocturnally addreſſed to Marina. His deſign was to marry her, for the ſake of her great fortune, to his own ſon, Henriquez, who had ſtudied ten years in the Univerſity of Salamanca, and was now able to explain Cornelius Nepos tolerably well.

Almoſt all the cavaliers of Grenada were in love with Marina. As they could obtain a ſight of her only at maſs, the church ſhe frequented was filled with great numbers of the handſomeſt and moſt accompliſhed youths of the country.

One of the moſt diſtinguiſhed among theſe, was Don Alphonſo, a captain of cavalry, about twenty, not very rich, but of a family of the firſt diſtinction. Handſome, polite, and witty, he attracted the eyes of all the ladies of Grenada; though he himſelf paid attention to none but Marina, who not inſenſible to his attachment, began on her part to take notice of her admirer.

Two months paſſed away without the lovers daring to ſpeak; nevertheleſs, they ſilently ſaid much. At the end of that time Don Alphonſo found means to convey a letter to his miſtreſs; which informed her of what ſhe knew before. The reſerved Marina had no ſooner read this letter than ſhe ſent it back to Don Alphonſo; but, as ſhe poſſeſſed an excellent memory, ſhe retained every word, and was able to return a very punctual anſwer, a week afterwards.

A correſpondence was now eſtabliſhed between the two lovers; but Don Alphonſo was deſirous to be ſtill more intimate. He had long ſolicited permiſſion to converſe with Marina thro' her lattices.—Such is the cuſtom in Spain, where the windows are of much more uſe during the night than in the day. They are the places of rendezvous. When the ſtreet is vacant and ſtill, the lover wraps himſelf up in his cloak, and taking his ſword, invokes love and night to favour him, and proceeds to ſome low lattice, grated on the ſide next the ſtreet, and ſecured on the inſide by ſhutters.

He waits not long before the window opens ſoftly, and the charming maid appears. She aſks, in a tremulous voice, if any one is there. Her lover, tranſported at her condeſcenſion, endeavours to diſpel her fears. They talk in a whiſper, and repeat the ſame things a hundred times. Day, at length approaches, and they muſt ſeparate.

Marina's lattice was on the ground floor, and opened into a narrow paſſage, where the houſes were ill-built, and only inhabited by the lower claſs of people. Don Alphonſo's old nurſe happened to occupy a tenement directly oppoſite the window of Marina. Don Alphonſo, therefore, repaired to his nurſe. 'My good woman,' ſaid he, 'I have been much to blame to ſuffer you to live ſo long in this miſerable habitation; but I am now determined to make you amends, by giving you an apartment in my own houſe.' Come and reſide in that, and leave me to diſpoſe of this.'

The worthy woman could not refrain from tears, and for a long time, refuſed; but, at laſt, overcome by his ſolicitations, ſhe conſented to the exchange, with every expreſſion of gratitude to her benefactor.

Never did any monarch enter his palace with more ſatisfaction than Don Alphonſo did the hovel of his nurſe.

Early in the evening Marina appeared at her lattice. She promiſed to repair thither every other night, and ſhe kept her word. Theſe delightful interviews ſerved only to fan the flame of love; and very ſoon, the lovers' nights were conſtantly paſſed in pleaſing converſation, and their days in writing paſſionate epiſtles.

Juſt at this time, Henriquez, the intended huſband of Marina, arrived from Salamanca; bringing with him a declaration of his paſſion in Latin, which had been written for him by the head of his college.

The lovers conſulted each other on this event at the lattice; but, in the mean time, the old guardian had drawn up a contract of marriage, and a day was fixed on for the celebration of the nuptials of Marina and Henriquez.

In theſe circumſtances, the only remedy was to fly into Portugal. This was determined: and it was alſo ſettled, that the two lovers on arriving at Liſbon, ſhould inſtantly marry, and afterwards have recourſe to the law, againſt the guardian.

Marina was to carry with her a box of jewels, which had been left her by her mother. Theſe were very valuable, and ſufficient to maintain the happy pair till the deciſion of their law ſuit. To effect this eſcape, it was neceſſary to procure the key of the lattice, and in this Marina ſucceeded.

It was reſolved alſo, that the next night, at eleven, Don Alphonſo, after having appointed horſes to wait without the city, ſhould come and fetch Marina; who ſhould deſcend from the window, into the arms of her lover, and immediately ſet off for Portugal.

Don Alphonſo, ſpent the whole day in preparations for his departure. Marina, on her part, was equally buſy, in getting ready the little box ſhe was to take with her. She was very careful to ſecure in it a very fine emerald, which had been given her by her lover.

Marina and her box were ready by eight in the evening; and before ten, Don Alphonſo, who had already provided carriages on the road to Andaluſia, arrived at the appointed ſpot; his heart beating with perturbation and hope.

As he approached the place, he heard perſons calling for aſſiſtance, and perceived two men attacked by five armed aſſaſſins. The brave and humane Alphonſo forgot his own affairs to defend the lives of the aſſaulted. He wounded two, and put the other three to flight.

What was his ſurpriſe, on more attentively viewing the perſons he had delivered, to perceive they were no other than Henriquez, and Alonzo, the guardian of Marina. Some deſperate young cavalier of the city, who was in love with Marina, knowing it was intended that Henriquez ſhould eſpouſe her, had hired bravoes, to aſſaſſinate them; and, had it not been for the valour of Don Alphonſo, the young ſcholar and the old miſer would have found it no eaſy matter to eſcape.

Alphonſo did his utmoſt to avoid their grateful acknowledgments, but Henriquez, who piqued himſelf on having learned politeneſs at Salamanca, ſwore he ſhould not leave them that night. Alphonſo, in deſpair, had already heard the clock ſtrike eleven. Alas! he knew not the misfortune that had happened.

One of the bravoes, whom he had put to flight, had paſſed muffled up in his cloak, near the lattice of Marina. The night was extremely dark, and the unfortunate beauty having opened the window, imagined him to be Don Alphonſo, and preſented him the box with joyful impatience; 'Take our diamonds,' ſaid ſhe, 'while I deſcend.'

At the word, diamonds, the bravo ſuddenly ſtopped, took the box, without ſpeaking a word, and while Marina was getting out of the window, fled with the utmoſt precipitation.

Imagine the ſurpriſe of Marina, when ſhe found herſelf alone in the ſtreet, and ſaw nothing of him whom ſhe had taken for Don Alphonſo.—She thought, at firſt, he had left her, to avoid raiſing ſuſpicion or alarm. She, therefore, haſtily walked to a little diſtance, looked round on every ſide, and called to a lover!—But no Alphonſo could ſhe ſee; no lover could ſhe hear.

She was now ſeized with the moſt alarming apprehenſions. She knew not whether it were moſt adviſeable to return home or endeavour to find the horſes and attendants of Don Alphonſo, that were waiting without the city. She continued to walk forwards, in the utmoſt uncertainty and diſtreſs, till ſhe had loſt herſelf in the ſtreets; while her fears were augmented by the darkneſs and ſilence of the night.

At length ſhe met a perſon, whom ſhe aſked if ſhe was far from the gate of the city. The ſtranger conducted her thither; but ſhe found nobody waiting, as ſhe expected.

She dared not yet accuſe her lover of deceiving her, ſtill ſhe hoped he was at no great diſtance. She proceeded, therefore, along the road, fearful of every buſh, and calling Don Alphonſo at every ſtep; but the farther ſhe walked the more ſhe was bewildered; for ſhe had come out of the city on the ſide oppoſite to the Portugal road.

In the mean time Don Alphonſo found himſelf unable to get away from the grateful Henriquez and his father. They would not ſuffer him to leave them for a moment, but obliged him to enter the houſe with them; to which Alphonſo, fearful of betraying his intent, and of fruſtrating his deareſt hopes; and imagining too that Marina might be ſoon acquainted with the reaſon of his delay, moſt reluctantly conſented.

Alonzo haſtens to the chamber of his ward, to inform her of the danger he had juſt eſcaped. He calls, but receives no anſwer; he enters her apartment, and finds the lattice open; his cries collect the ſervants, and the alarm is immediately given, that Marina is miſſing.

[To be continued.]

SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

——"THE tear of the morning hangs on the thorn, and impearls the roſe. In the day of my joy, my cheek was likened to the bluſhing beauty of that charming flower: and, though it has long ſince loſt its crimſon, it ſtill retains a partial ſimilitude; for the tear is on it. But, alas! no cheering ſun exhales my ſorrow; and the cryſtal, which ſtole forth in the morning from my eyelids, holds its place at the midnight hour."

"And is love," ſaid I, "the canker-worm that has preyed on thy beauty?—Does that torturing paſſion make thee ſhed the ceaſeleſs tear?"

"No," replied Lucilla—"Love gave me all its choiceſt bleſſings. During five years, I rioted in them; and this world was a heaven to me. William, it is true, is no more: but he died in the field of honour—he is recorded with thoſe heroes who fought and fell for their country. I bathed his wounds—his laſt words bleſſed me—and his expiring ſigh was breathed forth in my boſom. I wept the briny tears of honeſt ſorrow—but I had my conſolation—my William loved none but me: and he ſtill lived in the bleſſed image which he left me of himſelf.

"It was my duty—and ſoon became my ſole delight—to point out to the darling boy the path which his ſire had trodden, and to inſtil into his expanding mind an emulation of parental virtue. His young breaſt felt the glowing flame: and he was wont to weep, when I led him to the grave, which glory had dug for his father.

"But he, too, is taken from me—he ſleeps beneath this turf which I adorn with flowers—here my fancy feeds my ſorrow; and this ſacred ſhrine of affection I ſhall daily viſit, till weary nature conduct me to my huſband and my child."——

The following elegant ſtanzas have ſeveral times appeared in print. Perhaps it is not univerſally known, that they were written (originally in the Spaniſh language) by *Michael Saavedra Cervantes*, the inimitable author of Don Quixote. They are ſuppoſed to be addreſſed by a young Lady to a Duenna, a ſort of peculiar character in Spain, at once the watchful guardian, and governeſs, of young ladies of family and condition——

MOTHER, with watchful eye you ſtrive,
My freedom to reſtrain;
But know, unleſs I guard myſelf,
Your guard will be but vain.

It has been ſaid, and reaſon's voice
Confirms the ancient lay,
That ſtrict confinement's rigid hand,
Enflames the wiſh to ſtray.

Love, once oppoſ'd, will ſoon increaſe,
And ſtrength ſuperior gain,
'Twere better far believe my voice,
To give my will the rein—
For if I do not guard myſelf,
Your guard will be but vain.

For her who will not guard herſelf,
No other guard you'll find;
Cunning and fear will weak be found
To chain the active mind.
Tho' death himſelf ſhould bar my way,
His menace I'd diſdain—
Then learn, that 'till I guard myſelf,
Your guard will be but vain.

The raptur'd heart which once has felt
A ſenſe of love's delight,
Flies like the morn's impetuous wing,
To find the taper's light.
A thouſand guards, a thouſand cares,
Will ne'er the will reſtrain—
For if I do not guard myſelf,
All other guards are vain.

Such is the all-controuling force,
Of Love's reſiſtleſs ſtorm,
It gives to beauty's faireſt ſhape,
The dire Chimera's form.
To wax, the melting breaſt it turns,
Flames o'er the cheek are ſpread,
With hands of wool ſhe opes the door,
Unfelt the the footſteps tread.
Then try no more with fruitleſs care
My wiſhes to reſtrain,
For if I do not guard myſelf,
Your guard will be but vain.

On the Character of a FINE WOMAN.

IT is agreed by moſt men, that a fine woman is the loveliеſt object in the creation; no wonder then that every female endeavours to appear in this character, and that her chief ſtudy is to ſupply the defects of nature by art, dreſs, or ornament. But as the ladies have run into ſome very egregious miſtakes, in order to gain this appellation, I ſhall, after having ſtudied the ſex, and been a conſtant votary to them many years, point out a few of their capital errors.

1ſt. No female can be a fine woman, who uſes either carmine or pearl powder.

2d. No female can be a fine woman, who uſes perfumes of any kind, as theſe muſt be meant to predominate over ſome perſonal diſagreeable odour.

3d. No female can be a fine woman, whoſe head is as big as a buſhel, or whoſe cap is diſcompoſed by the top of a coach.

4th. No female can be a fine woman, who wears artificial teeth, artificial ſhapes, or artificial hair.

5th. No female can be a fine woman, who plays the coquette or the prude.

6th. No female can be a fine woman, who through affected delicacy, *pretends* to deſpiſe that brutal part of the creation—MAN.

7th. No female can be a fine woman, who tattles at church, or diſturbs an audience.

8th. No female can be a fine woman, who laughs at nothing, only to ſhew her teeth.

"AN UPRIGHT JUDGE."

A Turkiſh merchant had loſt his purſe, which contained two hundred pieces of gold. He applied to a public cryer, whom he ordered to declare, that he would give the half of the ſum to the finder. It fell into the hands of a ſailor, who choſe rather a lawful gain, by accepting the promiſed reward, than to make himſelf guilty of theft; for, by an article of the Alcoran, he who detains a thing loſt, and cried publicly, is declared a thief. He therefore confeſſed to the cryer that he had found the purſe, and he offered to reſtore it by receiving the half of what it contained—The merchant appeared immediately; and, though exceedingly glad to find his money, he would fain diſengage himſelf from his promiſe; but, not being able ſo to do, without ſome ſpecious pretext, he had recourſe to a lie. With the two hundred pieces of gold he pretended there was in the purſe a precious emerald, which he immediately aſked the ſailor for. The ſailor took Heaven and the Prophet to witneſs that he had found no emerald; notwithſtanding, he was brought before the Cadi, and accuſed of theft. Whether through injuſtice, or neglect of weighing the matter thoroughly, the judge diſcharged indeed the ſailor from the crime of theft, but, reprimanding him for having loſt through his fault a precious jewel, he obliged him to return the two hundred pieces of gold to the merchant, without receiving any reward. So hard a ſentence, ruining all at once the hopes and the honour of the poor ſailor, induced him to complain of it to the Vizir, who judged it deſerving of his attention. All the parties were ſummoned before him. After having heard the merchant, he aſked the cryer what he was ordered to publiſh. The cryer having declared ingeniouſly, that no mention was made to him of any thing but the two hundred pieces of gold, the merchant pleaded, that if he named not the emerald, it was through fear leſt the purſe falling into the hands of ſome one ignorant of the value of the jewel, he would not think of keeping it, by perceiving it bore a great price. On the other hand, the ſailor made oath, that he had found only in the purſe the two hundred pieces of gold. The Vizir, at laſt pronounced this ſentence; "Foraſmuch as the merchant has loſt an emerald with two hundred pieces of gold, and the ſailor ſwears, that in the purſe which he found, there was no emerald, it is manifeſt that the purſe and the gold which the ſailor found are not what the merchant loſt; it muſt be another that has loſt that purſe and gold. Let the merchant therefore continue to have his gold and his emerald cried, till they are reſtored to him by ſome one who has the fear of God. As to the ſailor, let him keep for 40 days the gold he found; and if the loſer does not preſent himſelf during that term, he may enjoy it as his juſt right.

Traits of the inhabitants of the Freewill Iſlands, ſituated in 1 deg. N. Lat. and 137. Eaſt Long.

[*From Meares's Voyages.*]

THESE people came along-ſide the ſhip without ceremony and without arms, and ſupplied us with a conſiderable quantity of freſh gathered cocoa-nuts and coir line, which was repaid by bits of iron hoop, of about an inch in length.

When the piece of iron was held up to their attention, they were all ſeized with a kind of ſilent, but expreſſive joy, that cannot be deſcribed: but the man who procured it, immediately began to caper and dance round the deck, and laying down on his back, tumbled and rolled about in ſuch an extraordinary manner, that we really imagined he was ſuddenly affected by ſome very ſingular diſorder, till he roſe up and kiſſed the bit of iron with thoſe emotions of extravagant joy, which manifeſted the extreme delight he felt at being in the poſſeſſion of what he eſteemed ſo great a treaſure. His comrades, from an anxious curioſity to ſee it, crowded round him; but in a moment he had plunged himſelf into the ſea, and then turning his head towards us, and again kiſſing the bit of iron, he ſwam haſtily to the ſhore. Several iron hoops were now ordered to be cut up, and each of our viſitors was gratified with a bit of the precious metal, who all left us with reiterated expreſſions of the moſt grateful acknowledgment.

Theſe iſlanders are of a frank, amiable and confidential diſpoſition; and they found in return, that kind of reception from us, which they will not quickly forget. We obſerved, however, in their canoes large mats, which, on enquiry, they informed us were uſed by them as coats of mail, and were capable of reſiſting the attack of the ſpear; indeed, ſo cloſe and ſtrong is their texture, that at a very ſmall diſtance, they could ſcarcely be penetrated by a ball from a piſtol.

On a Gentleman's ſaying he would dance with none but fair Ladies.

SIMON does vow, nay, he does ſwear,
He'll dance with none but what are fair;
Suppoſe we women ſhould diſpenſe
Our hands to none but men of ſenſe;
Suppoſe, well madam—and what then?
Why, Sir, you'd never dance again.

Philadelphia, *October* 10.

Mr. Ricketts, the celebrated equeſtrian, we find is in town. The Philadelphians will ſoon be entertained by repreſentations of the manly exerciſe of horſemanſhip, in all its elegant variety, by Mr. Ricketts and his troop. The New Circus is fitting up in a handſome ſtile, and the exhibitions will be by candle light, which muſt add greatly to their brilliancy.

The mayor of this city has tranſmitted to the mayor of New-York *ſeven thouſand dollars* for the relief of the ſick and deſtitute. In the latter's anſwer, the whole number of deaths by the prevailing epidemic is ſtated at 525 on the 6th of October.

From an account of burials in New Haven, from the 20th Auguſt to the 26th of September inclusive, it appears, that ſeventy-three perſons have died there within that period, all, except two, of the dyſentry.

The late Britiſh papers teem with accounts of the preſent ſcarcity in England, of the many ſhifts, they are put to, to prevent their poor from ſtarving, and of the riots, which, notwithſtanding all their endeavours take place in various quarters. The following ſtatement will give our readers an idea of the diſtreſs that muſt prevail.

The Quarters loaf, which weighs about four pounds, uſually ſells for five pence half penny ſterling, but of late riſen to upwards of one ſhilling, and one ſhilling a day is the uſual price of labour; a bleſſed and flouriſhing country truly!

Says a late London paper, Lord Hood affirms, that not only the French ſhip the Alcide, lately blown up in the Mediterranean, but that all the ſhips which he ſaid he ſet fire to, on evacuating Toulon, will be deſtroyed in time.

From a Correſpondent.

From every circumſtance there is reaſon to believe that our ſituation with France is critical and alarming—Private letters from Paris, mention, that the public mind there, is in great fermentation, on account of the Preſident's treaty, and that the Americans there have deemed it unſafe to attend the Theatres. The complexion which things aſſume here, among thoſe who repreſent the republic, augurs nothing pleaſant.—Thus have our rulers brought us to the brink of a war with France, at a time they were pretending, that the great object of negociation with Great Britain was to avoid a war—Deception and intrigue have operated in our councils inſtead of candour and ſincerity, and unleſs the people awaken to their true condition by their attendance at their Elections, we ſhall be a loſt and undone nation. [*Aurora.*]

Extract of a letter from Cadiz, dated July 24.

The advice inſerted in the Spaniſh Gazette, of the Portugueſe having made peace with the Algerines, proves to be premature, as the Portugueſe are cruizing in the gut againſt theſe pirates. It is ſaid peace is entirely concluded with the emperor, ſo that your veſſels have now nothing to dread in theſe ſeas.

Extract of a letter from a reſpectable houſe at Malaga, July 31, 1795.

"We have advice of a Swediſh frigate arriving with preſents for the Emperor of Morocco, in conſequence of which three ſhips detained have been let at liberty, and the Mooriſh cruiſers received orders not to moleſt the Swediſh navigation.—We daily expect to have intelligence that matters are finally adjuſted with the United States, as Mr. Simpſon has now been ſome time in Morocco with the Emperor on this buſineſs."

NEW LONDON, October 1.

COMMUNICATION.

The friends of the treaty accuſe its opponents too much with being jacobins, anarchiſts, &c. &c. and they in return without any probable reaſon accuſe Mr. Jay of being bribed, and the advocates of the treaty as tories and enemies to liberty. Fellow citizens, as bodies you mean right on both ſides: your hard epithets ſerve only to inflame each other, to our great political damage. The oppoſers of the treaty reſpect government, and will undoubtedly acquieſce in the treaty. War ſhould be avoided if poſſible; but Britain appears willing to try our patience thô roughly by her wanton and barbarous provocations. When we conſider the pride and inſolence of that court, and all its minions, we have little reaſon to hope that their conduct to us will be any better than it is now and has been. At preſent we ſit like a good natured ſteady farmer, who being intent on his own buſineſs, had rather receive a few cuffs on the ears and put up with them peaceably, than venture the expence of a more tedious boxing. But as it fares in low life, ſo will it probably fare with us; we ſhall ſuffer the pain and indignity of being cuffed by every villain who comes near us, until we convince them that we will avoid the character of a coward as much as that of a bully.

How long we ſhall bear the unprovoked injuries of Great Britain, without retaliation, we ought to leave with our rulers, and when war is juſt and neceſſary we ſhall once more be led to vindicate our rights by the points of our ſwords.

SALEM, September 30.

Captain Lewis Girdler arrived at Marblehead this morning in 45 days from St. Sebaſtians—he brings the following intereſting news, viz.—That peace was actually concluded between France and Spain—that the moſt prominent articles of the treaty were—that Spain was to furniſh on demand thirteen ſail of the line, victualled for three months—to pay the republic ſeventy millions of livres—and to relinquiſh entirely the Spaniſh part of the iſland of Hiſpaniola.

Bilboa had been taken as has been reported, and was given up to the Spaniards, and buſineſs was returning there, its former appearance, and the Merchants were returning to Bilboa and St. Sebaſtians from the adjacent country, and the communication between thoſe places was as free as formerly. [Thus far the intelligence by captain Girdler.]

CONFIRMATION.

Captain Swett, arrived alſo at Marble-head this morning, in 35 days only from Liſbon, confirms the above intelligence in toto—and alſo reports that the emigrants, lately landed at Quiberon, on the French coaſt, were completely bargoined, the republican army ſent againſt them retreated until they were completely encompaſſed, and then wreaked upon them the vengeance of injured Liberty, for their arrogant temerity—they were all cut off—and among the vanquiſhed were 800 Britiſh officers! Humanity muſt ſhudder—but who were the aggreſſors.

[This news may be depended on, the above captains are gentlemen of veracity and intelligence, and the intelligence is believed authentic by the moſt reſpectable merchants at Marblehead.]

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The facts alledged by VERITAS may be true, but the truth is not to be told at all times.

If we were certain that MARIA's "Soliloquee on the paſhin of luv," would ſoften the heart of "the krewil Strefin," we would give it a place for humanity's ſake.

Hymeneal Court.

Hail Matrimony! hail, thou happieſt life!
What comfort here has man without a wife?

MARRIED,

—On Wedneſday evening, by the Right Rev. Dr. White, Mr. GEORGE WILLING, to Miſs MARIA BENEZET, both of this city.

—On Thurſday evening, by the Right Rev. Dr. White, Mr. JOHN BATTIN, to Miſs ELIZA CAMPBELL, both of New-York.

—On Saturday evening laſt, at Shrewſbury, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Princeton, Mr. SAMUEL F. SNOWDEN, of Princeton, to Miſs SUSAN B. BREESE, of Shrewſbury.

PROPOSALS,

By WOODRUFF & PECHIN,

For Printing, by Subſcription,

A Geographical, Commercial, and Philoſophical

VIEW

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;

COMPREHENDING,

A Deſcription of their Extent, Civil Diviſions, Chief Towns, Climates, Curioſities, Soils, Mountains, Lakes, Rivers, Springs and Iſlands; Natural Hiſtory, Production, Population, Character, Government, Provincial Conſtitutions, Courts of Juſtice, Religion, Agriculture, Commerce, and Hiſtory; copious and intereſting Accounts of the late War; general and particular Deſcription of the Weſtern Territory, including all that is important to thoſe who are about to purchaſe and ſettle in that, or any other Part of the United States.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

A General Account of the Diſcovery of America, by Columbus;

A CURIOUS DESCRIPTION OF AMERICA,

And the numerous Tribes of American Indians—their Manners, Cuſtoms, &c. &c.

IN THE WORK IS ALSO INCLUDED,

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF THE SPANISH, FRENCH, AND DUTCH POSSESSIONS IN AMERICA, AND THE WEST-INDIA ISLANDS;

Illuſtrated with large Maps, Charts, and Plates, including an extenſive Number of elegant and accurate Repreſentations of the moſt remarable Quadrupeds, Birds, Fiſhes, Reptiles, &c. peculiar to the American Continent. Compiled from the beſt and moſt recent Authorities, and original and authentic Communications.

By the Rev. *W. WINTERBOTHAM.*

CONDITIONS.

I. This Work ſhall be uniformly and elegantly printed, on a fine Demy Paper, and an entire new Type, and compriſed in Thirty-two Numbers, to be publiſhed every Fortnight, at Twenty-five Cents each, to be paid on Delivery, making Four large Volumes in Octavo.

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This Edition will be further improved by correct MAPS of the different States in the Union, which, with the general Maps, will make the moſt complete American Atlas *ever publiſhed in America.*

Court of Apollo.

DARBY and JOAN.

PART I.

Ne Sutor ultra crepidam.—Vet. Apoth.

WHEN Darby saw the setting sun,
He left his scythe and home he run,
Sat down, drank off his pint, and said
My work is *done*—I'll go to bed.
My work is done! retorted Joan—
My work is done!'—your constant tone;
But hapless woman ne'er can say
My work is done, 'till judgment day.
Here Darby hemm'd, and rack'd his head
To answer what his joan had said;
But all in vain; her clack kept on—
Yes, woman's work is never done!
You men can sleep all night; but we
Must toil: Whose fault is that? quoth he.
I know your meaning, Joan replyed;
But Sir, my tongue shall not be ty'd:
I will go on, and let you know
What work poor women have to do.
First, in the morning, tho' we feel
As sick as drunkards when they reel;
Yes, feel such pains in back and head
As would confine you men to bed;
We ply the brush, and wield the broom;
We air the beds and right the room:
The cows must next be milk'd and then
We get the breakfast for the men:
Ere this is o'er, with whimpering cries
And briffly hair, the children rise:
These must be dress'd, and lous'd with rue,
And fed, and all because of you.
We must—Here Darby scratch'd his head,
And fast retreated to his bed.
But grumbled this, as on he run
Zounds! woman's clack is never done!

PART II.

THE RETORT; or, JOAN TRIUMPHANT.

——Quis talia fando
——Temperet a lachrymis?

AT early dawn, ere Phœbus rose,
Old Joan resum'd her tale of woes:
When Darby thus—I'll end the strife;
Be you the man and I the wife:
Take you the scythe and mow, while I
Will all your boasted cares supply.
Content, quoth Joan; give me my flint:
This Darby did, and out she went.
Old Darby rose, and seiz'd the broom,
And whirl'd the dirt about the room:
Which having done, he scarce knew how,
He hied to milk the brindled cow:
The brindled cow whisk'd round her tail
In Darby's eyes, and kick'd the pail,
The clown, perplex'd with grief and pain
Swore he'd ne-er try to milk again:
When, turning round, in sad amaze,
He saw his cottage in a blaze:
For, as he chanc'd to brush the room
In careless haste, he fir'd the broom.
The fire at last subdu'd, he swore
The broom and he should meet no more.
Press'd by misfortunes and perplex'd
Darby prepar'd for breakfast next:
But what to get he scarcely knew—
The bread was spent, the butter too.
His hand's bedaub'd with paste and flour,
Old Darby labour'd full an hour:
But, luckless wight! thou couldst not make
The bread take form of loaf or cake.
As every door wide open stood,
In push'd the sow, in quest of food;
And stumbling onwards, with her snout
O'erset the churn—the cream ran out.
As Darby turn'd, the sow to beat,
The slippery cream betray'd his feet:
He caught the bread trough in his fall,
And down came Darby, trough and all.
The children, waken'd by the clatter,
Start up and cry, La! what's the matter?
Old Jowler bark'd and Tabby mew'd,
And hapless Darby bawl'd aloud,
Return, my Joan, as heretofore;
I'll play the housewife's part no more;
Since now, by sad experience taught,
Compar'd to thine, my work is nought;
Henceforth, as business calls, I'll take,
Content, the plough, the scythe, the rake,
And never more transgress the line
Our fates have mark'd, while thou art mine.
Then, Joan, return as heretofore,
I'll vex thy honest ears no more:
Let's each our proper task attend—
Forgive the past, and strive to mend.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Messrs. Printers,

SCURRILITY is the sorry subterfuge of those base and groveling souls who are incapable of enforcing controvertial conviction, and from the recent specimen of *Mr. Reader's* powers of argumentation, it is difficult to decide whether he is more the object of pity than contempt. That a French friseur who can scarcely lisp our language, should be metamorphosed into an English critic, is among the various phenomena which excite the admiration of the literary world. He had better continue a reader than to torture the idiom of our language by his tongue-tied solecisms, and the impurities of his nauseous dialect; for notwithstanding the parade of his various typographical flourishes, yet these expletory characters do not conceal the wretched sophism of our exotic scribbler. Alas! *ex pueris ingens Mercurius sort fit.*

It was an unfortunate circumstance for Mr. J. Ph. P—— that his political plagiarism was ushered into the world before Mr. Jay's treaty with his *immaculate* majesty, had transpired. As he has professed himself a strenuous advocate for the conduct of public functionaries, and fanatically praised our constitution through thick and thin, he, and consequently his infatuated pander, are inimical to the opposers of the treaty, and proselytes to that memorable negociator whose name will be sanctioned by the curse of ignominy to the latest ages. Yes, Mr. J. P. P. and his fourth-brained parasite, are treaty mongers, as is manifest from Mr. Friseur's splenetic grin at the energetic writings of those patriotic republicans, who have protested, under various signatures through the medium of the Aurora, against that progression of foreign and domestic slavery, which menaces the United States of America.

Can we sufficiently despise such abortions of aristocracy, who under the specious garb of "SACRED EQUALITY" strive to prostrate the fair fabric of American freedom and independence? No epithet of ignominy is too severe: and our courtly eulogist ought to blush in the presence of patriotism; nay, this encomiastic tool of aristocracy merits the indignation of every virtuous republican, and as for Monsieur Friseur, his pimp, a patriotic chimney sweep would do him too much honor by wringing his nose.

According to the hallelujahs and hosannas of our gold-laced politician, our constitution and its official agency, is endued with such superlative purity and immaculate perfection, that it is a heresy to question its integrity. Every antifederalist, and every reasonable politician knows, that the oppressive government of Britain was the wretched prototype of the American constitution; it was servilely and almost implicitly framed from a purview of that constitution (if it may be termed one) which no ingenuous patriot can sufficiently deprecate. It would require volumes to pourtray the defects of the Federal compact, and upon these defects which are discordant to the genius of republicanism, the antifederalists found their objections. Let Mr. P. and his menial apostle, read the invaluable lucubrations of CENTINEL* and they will be inspired with a sense of the futility and insignificance of the Federal Politician. The antifederalists are not anarchists and disorganizers, as some crack-brained scribes would pretend; they only want a government founded upon more genuine principles of republicanism, and since the confederacy has been officially ratified they have voluntarily offered it their sanction and support. But alas! our Senatorial *nabobs* on Presidents, are invested with an exorbitancy of power: they have arrogated to themselves an arbitrary stretch of authority in direct contravention to the articles of the confederacy, and we see them attempting to precipitate the union into the abyss of perdition. The most dispassionate politician, will pronounce the treaty unconstitutional, and therefore the logical inference is, that it is a perfect nullity, inasmuch as it is repugnant to our constitution.

With regard to our *petit-maitre*'s intimation that Mr. P. will contemptuously smile at his opponents, till one of equal embonpee with himself comes forward, I shall only observe, that if the Federal Politician is the criterion by which we are to form a just estimate of the momentum of the authors intellect, I pity his impotency: I could condole with him for the *latus* of his penetration, and I should chide myself for contending with an adversary of such intellectual imbecility, who claims my compassion rather than resentment. It is well known that Mr. P. instead of a radical, has scarcely a superficial knowledge of our language, and therefore he cannot be entitled to the reputation of an English author. He probably might have delineated the outlines of the Federal Politician in his own barbarous phraseology, but there is no doubt of its having been renovated by a hand of greater scholastic proficiency and precision. It has been suggested that Mr. P. has been a little *non compos mentis*: and indeed from the various labyrinths of inconsistency that characterize his production, one is induced to believe that it is chiefly the result of lunacy: of which the instance already adduced, of his wishing his "dear brothers" immured in an "iron cage," is an unequivocal and incontrovertible demonstration. These incoherencies I may expose upon some future occasion, and till then I desire Mr. Fritzer may curb the impetuosity of his virulence; for the stern visage of truth is bomb proof against the assaults of impudence and scurrility.

That Mr. P's expectation of office "is a wretched infatuation, congenial only to the bosom that harboured it" is an assertion that scarcely merits a comment. Our splenetic politician spits fire very copiously at the ex-secretary of the United States, for his rejecting his application "for an employment in his office," to which he very modestly insinuates, he *only* aspired with a view "of becoming acquainted with the finances." Alas! our ci-devant financier threw all the fat in the fire by repudiating "the services of foreigners," not possessed of very glib tongues in the *British dialect*. Besides, our self sufficient dictator, seems a little incensed at the idea of being delegated to congress or the state legislature, and takes care not to disclaim the suffrages "of his unknown friends," though he does not wish to indulge too sanguine anticipations lest they may be eventually frustrated.

AMEN.

* See the Independent Gazetteer towards the end of seventeen hundred and eighty-seven.

THE REWARD OF TREACHERY.

IN 1522, when Soliman the Second laid siege to Rhodes, a traitor offered to put him in possession of the place; and the emperor engaged to bestow one of his daughters upon him in marriage, on condition that the enterprize should succeed. It did succeed; and the sultan, on being reminded of his promise, brought forth his daughter, covered with gold and jewels, and assigned to her a considerable dowry; then turning towards the traitor—"You see," said he to him, "that I scrupulously adhere to my word—But," continued he, "as you are a Christian, and my daughter is a Mahomedan, I cannot give her till you are a Mussulman, both within the skin, and without it. It is thus that we all make it a duty to become so; and you are therefore doomed to the necessary ceremony of circumcision." With these words, the prince gave orders, that his intended son-in-law should be flayed; that then he should be put into a bed covered with salt, thereby to assume the skin of a true Mahomedan; and that, when thus converted, his consort should be conducted to him. The mandate was punctually executed; and the traitor reaped no other fruit from his treachery, than an untimely death fraught with torture.